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Auber. Masaniello. 1833

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THE BEQUEST OF
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
CLASS OF 1882
OF NEW YORK

1918

MUSIC LIBRARY

SONGS, DUETS, CONCERTED PIECES,

AND

CHORUSES.

IN

MASANIELLO,

—OR—

THE DUMB GIRL OF PORTICI:

GRAND OPERA, IN THREE ACTS,

*As performed at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, upwards of
Two Hundred Nights,*

PERFORMED FOR THE FIRST TIME

IN THE

TREMONT THEATRE, BOSTON,

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 2, 1833.

THE MUSIC BY AUBER.

Boston:

DUTTON AND WENTWORTH, PRINTERS.

1833.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

NEAPOLITANS.

Masaniello, a Neapolitan Fisherman, Mr. Sinclair.
 Pietro, his Friend, Mr. Comer.
 Ruffino, Mr. W. Sefton.
 Moreno, Mr. Johnson.
 Commissioner of Taxes, Mr. Kenney.
 Fenella, Sister of Masaniello, . . . Mrs. Barrymore.

SPANIARDS.

Alphonso, Son of the Viceroy, Mr. Smith.
 Lorenzo, his Friend, Mr. Leman.
 Selva, Officer of the Viceroy, Mr. Sarzedas.
 Princess Elvira, Bride of Alphonso, Miss Hughes.
 Venessa, her Confidant, Mrs. Campbell.

Nobles, Pages, Ladies of the Court, Guards, Priests, &c.

The CHORUS will consist of the same popular Professors as appeared in CINDERELLA, with additional Choristers from the Park Theatre, while the *prominent Concerted Pieces* will be aided by Mr. Barrett, Messrs. Finn, Andrews, Johnson, J. Sefton, Woodhull—Mrs. Barrett, Smith, Hughes, Barnes, Kent, Campbell, &c.

The Scenery By Messrs. Jones and Stockwell.
 The Dresses By Miss Cunningham.
 The Machinery By Mr. Johnson.
 The Properties By Mr. Morell.

The Dances Composed and } By Mrs. Barrymore.
 Arranged }

The Action and Stage Arrangements under the immediate Direction of Mr. Barrymore.

The Vocal Department under the Direction of Mr. Comer.

ORCHESTRA.

Mr. Ostinelli,	Leader.
Mr. Hansen, - - - Violin.	Mr. Riddle, - - - 2d Flute.
Mr. Warren, - - - Violin.	Mr. Eberle, - - - 1st Horn.
Mr. Evert, - - - Violin.	Mr. Reed, - - - 2d Horn.
Mr. White, - - - Violin.	Mr. Pierce, - - - Bassoon.
Mr. Geitner, - - - Violin.	Mr. E. Kendall, - - Trumpet.
Mr. Clark, - - - Tenor.	Mr. J. Downes, - - Trombone.
Mr. Von Hagen, - - Tenor.	Mr. Armour, - - - Drums.
Mr. Wivild, - - - Violoncello.	Mr. Smith, - - - Bass Drum.
Mr. Graupner, - - - Double Bass.	Mr. Johnson, - - - Side Drum.
Mr. Gear, - - - Double Bass.	Mr. Riddle, - - - Cymballs.
Mr. Kendall, - - - 1st Clarionett.	Mr. Riddle, - - - Triangle.
Mr. Beatty, - - - 2d Clarionett.	Mr. Wall, - - - Harp.
Mr. Downes, - - - 1st Flute.	

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 FROM
 THE BEQUEST OF
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MASANIELLO.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

Palace and Gardens of the Viceroy of Naples—Bay of Naples in the back Ground, with a View of Portici and the opposite shores.

CHORUS OF PEASANTRY.

We hail this blest, this happy-day,
Now Hymen's torch is brightly shining,
And his rosy fetters twining,
Young Love enfolds his willing prey.

CHORUS. All hail, &c. &c.

Grand Bridal Procession! Vice Regal Guards—Nobles—Pages—Ladies of the Court—Armorial Bearings—Attendants—Dancers.

CHORUS.

Rejoice and homage pay to beauty
Whose smile inspires this happy throng;
Let pleasure, gratitude, and duty
Unite to raise the festive song.

RECITATIVE.

Elvira.—The pride and rank of greatness,
The blandishments of state
Unheeded I behold,
With dearer joys elate.

AIR.

Elvira.—When the sigh long suppressed hath been breathed and
requited,
When the bud of fond hope that by doubt hath been
blighted,
Freely spreads, brightly blooms, in sweet sympathy's
glow,
Bliss so pure can the bosom of youth ever know?

Skies of unclouded light
 Beaming on fancy's sight;
 Life seems one vernal day
 Too swiftly fleeting,
 When fondly meeting,
 Tenderly beating
 Heart owns to hearts love's mutual sway.

BALLET.

SPANISH BOLERO.

Composed by Mrs. Barrymore.

Danced by MR. RASIMI and Miss McBRIDE.

NUPTIAL MARCH.

CHORUS IN THE CHAPEL.

(To Fenella.)

Selva.—Who art thou thus rudely pressing?

CHORUS OF SOLDIERS.

Intruder! hence, retire
 Or dread the Soldiers' ire.

CHORUS OF WOMEN. *(Apart to Fenella.)*

Rash Maid retire
 Or dread the Soldiers' ire.

CHORUS OF SOLDIERS.

Hence, nor dare profane
 The Church's hallowed fane,
 This is no place for thee designed.

Selva.—Their hands are joined.

GRAND CHORUS.

Happy pair! blest and blessing
 Sweet content, each confessing
 Songs of joy let us raise
 Songs of joy to beauty's praise.

FINALE TO ACT I.

Elvira.—Why shrink you before me?
 What fear chills your breast
 What light flashes o'er me
 Destroying my rest?
 What sight is before me?
 Despair chills my breast!
 What terror comes o'er me?
 His guilt stands confest.

CHORUS.

What sight is before them?
 What care in each breast!
 Some trouble comes o'er them
 Destroying their rest.

Elvira.—Speak! is my dread suspicion true?
 Is my Alphonso known to you?

(Fenella signs that he is.)

He sinks beneath his guilt and shame.
 Proceed, proceed, you here are free,
 Go on, the guilty man proclaim.

(Fenella points to Alphonso.)

Your betrayer——'tis he!

Elvira.—Where are now the bright visions
 That flattered my heart?
 The dreams of fond affection
 For ever now depart.

CHORUS.

'This frantic woman comes with some mischievous intent,
 This intrusion you soon will repent.

(Fenella rushes out in despair.)

Selva and Guards.—Pursue, pursue, her course arrest.

Elvira.—Hold! hold, her steps no more molest.

Let them not her course arrest,
 What shame, what anguish, wrings my breast.

ACT II.—SCENE I.

Sea Shore in the Environs of Naples. Groupe of Fishermen.

CHORUS AND DANCE.

Away, away, the morning freshly breaking
 Shines o'er the deep, our lingering steps to chide;
 Light with sport and song our labor making,
 Cheerly we haste to stem the tide.

BARGAROLE.

Masaniello.—Behold! how brightly breaks the morning,
 Though bleak our lot, our hearts are warm;
 To toil inured, all danger storming.
 We hail the breeze, or brave the storm.
 Put off, put off, our course we know;
 Take heed, take heed, and whisper low:
 Look out and spread your nets with care,
 The prey we seek we'll soon ensnare:

CHORUS.

Put off, &c.
 Away, though tempests darken o'er us
 Boldly still we'll stem the wave;
 Hoist, hoist our sail, while shines before us
 Hope's beacon light to cheer the brave.
 Put off, put off, &c. &c.

SONG.

Masaniello.—My Sister dear, o'er this rude cheek:
 How oft I've felt the tear drop stealing;
 When those mute looks have told the feeling
 Heaven denied thy tongue to speak.
 And thou hadst comfort in that tear,
 Shed for thee—My Sister dear!
 And now alas! I weep alone;
 By thee, by joy, by hope forsaken,
 'Mid thoughts that darkest fears awaken,
 Trembling for thy fate unknown,
 And vainly flows the bitter tear
 Shed for thee—My Sister dear!

CONCERTED PIECE.

Masaniello.—Uprouse ye, manly hearts! companions of my
 woes,
 Uprouse and pour your wrath, on these proud
 ruthless foes;
 Your deep and silent hate no longer now dissem-
 ble,
 But fly to your revenge, and let the Tyrants trem-
 ble.

CHORUS.

Their doom is fixed their punishment decreed,
 With hearts resolved we follow where you lead:

Masaniello.—Yet be silent all, no thought revealing,
 Still from your wives and children concealing,
 All that now stirs each daring mind,
 While their guileless thoughts we'll joyous blind.
 Our Barcarole merrily singing,
 Give happiness welcome to-day,
 His course Time is rapidly winging,
 And pleasure is speeding away.

CHORUS.

Our Barcarole merrily singing, &c.

Enter Pietro.

Masaniello.—What is thy news?

Pietro.—Along the shore advance

A band of troops to intercept our way,
 Hark! the far Drum proclaims their rapid march,
 Their weapons gleam, their waving banners play.

Masaniello.—Fear not my friends, their vigilance we'll foil
 While careless still we'll seem to cheer our toil.

Our Barcarole merrily singing,
 Give happiness welcome to-day,
 His course Time is rapidly winging,
 And pleasure is speeding away,
 Your arms to conceal let your Nets be arranged.

Pietro.—Or beneath your Banquets with sweet flowers bestrew
 them.

Masaniello.—Till drawn in wrath, your trembling tyrants rue
 them,

And plunged in their hearts, all our wrongs are re-
 venged.

CHORUS.

Undaunted we'll wield them, our tyrants shall rue them,
 In blood shall our wrongs be revenged!

GENERAL CHORUS.

Our Barcarole merrily singing, &c. &c.

SCENE II.—*Apartment in the Palace.*

GRAND SCENA.

Elvira.—Fortune's frowns the heart may wring,
 But the soul can fate despise,
 Sorrow hath its piercing sting;

But superior to its darts
 Noble minds and virtuous hearts,
 Above the ills of life can rise.
 Ah ! let love benignant smiling,
 Cast around its magic spell,
 Then shall joy each care beguiling,
 In this bosom fondly dwell ;
 While my heart though death be nigh
 Tyrant power shall still defy.

SCENE III.—Market Place at Naples.

CHORUS OF MARKET PEOPLE—SEVERALLY..

Come hither all who wish to buy,
 For here you'll find the best of fare,
 Sweet flowers and fruit—come taste and try ;
 Rich purple grapes and mellons rare.
 Come buy my olives, none so fine,
 Rosolio and sparkling wine ;
 'Tis I that sell the best, 'tis I,
 Come hither all who wish to buy.
 Here's fish alive and none can sell you finer for your
 money.
 If daintily you wish to dine
 Who'll shew you poultry fat as mine ?
 Who'll buy my peas ?
 Who'll buy my cheese ?
 Who'll buy my maccaroni ?
 'Tis I that sell the best, 'tis I,
 Come hither all who wish to buy.

BALLET.

NEAPOLITAN DANCE,

EXECUTED - - BY - - Mrs. BARRYMORE.

THE TARENTELLA,

OR,.....PEASANTS NATIONAL DANCE.

*Mrs. Barrymore, Mrs. Kent, Miss McBride, Mr. Rasimi,
 Mr. Collinborn, and the Corps de Ballet.*

CONCERTED PIECE.—FINALE TO ACT II.

Maeaniello and the People.

Strike home, our chains we'll sunder !
 To vengeance ! Fire and sword !

Our wrath shall fall like thunder,
And crush the tyrant horde!

RECITATIVE.

Masaniello.—Remain, and, e'er again the strife you dare
For aid divine here kneel in fervent prayer.

PRAYER.—GENERAL CHORUS.

Hear, holy saint; o'er lowliest victims spreading,
Boundless in mercy, thy protecting wing;
Light o'er the darkling wanderer timely shedding,
Soothing the anguish of oppression's sting:

 Thee we implore
 Thee we adore,
Thy strength be with us now, and we are slaves no
 more

CHORUS.

Strike home; our chains, &c.

ACT III.—SCENE I.—*The Sea Shore.*

SCENE II.—*Inside of Masaniello's Hut.*

RECITATIVE.

Masaniello.—Calm thee to rest, while slumber stealing o'er thee
To gentle peace thy wearied spirit charms.

CAVATINA,

Masaniello.—Sweet sleep, the wounded bosom healing,
With shadowy veil our cares concealing,
Descend and shed thy blessings here,
Soothe her woes, while thus reposing,
And from those eye-lids gently closing,
Oh! chase away pale sorrows' tear,

RECITATIVE.

Elvira.—What would'st thou do? in charity forbear!
Fenella, hear! subdue thy cruel hate,
And save, Oh! save us from a dreadful fate,

CAVATINA.

Elvira.—Our woes, our fears revealing ;
 To every tender feeling
 Of thy heart appealing
 Hear, oh hear ! our prayer.
 I felt for thee in anguish suing,
 Thy helpless grief with pity viewing,
 Oh ! rescue me in my despair.
 All thy woes thy sorrows sharing
 Gladly had I succoured thee
 Anger undeserved forbearing,
 Some compassion shew to me.

SONG.

Masaniello.—I've sworn he shall not perish
 To feed the wrath you cherish,
 Your vengeance then forbear !
 The foe that shares my dwelling,
 All past resentment quelling,
 Shall find protection here.

GRAND PROCESSION.

CHORUS OF POPULACE.

Hail ! hail ! brave, Masaniello !
 Long live thy bright renown
 Thy glorious deeds rewarding
 Receive thy laurel crown ;

Masaniello.—Adieu my happy home
 Adieu my peaceful dwelling
 In quitting thee my tears will flow
 In deep and swelling sighs
 My saddened heart foretelling
 I near again thy joy shalt know.

CHORUS.—*Pietro and Conspirators.*

Look to thy crown, King Masaniello !
 Short lived is greatness and renown,
 A fallen star, in all thy glory,
 Thy pomp and pride shall bring thee down.

SCENE III.—*Apartment in the Palace.*

SONG.

Elvira.—Hours of sorrow, no more deploring
 Grief shall cease to wound, annoy,

Sorrow leave me, and joy restore,
 Teach me transport, love, and joy.
 Now joy delighting, sweet hope exciting,
 And peace inviting, shall grief and care destroy ;
 Bliss now awaiting—sorrow abating—
 Heart gently palpitating, awakes to love and joy.

SCENE IV.—*Vestibule in the Viceroy's Palace. Mount Vesuvius in the distance.*

BARCAROLE.

Pietro.—Behold ! far over the troubled tide,
 Yon gallant skiff undaunted rides ,
 And still her course pursue,
 While foaming sprays around her fly
 Now madly reeling mountains high
 Now swallowed from her view
 Thus hoisting every sail
 Of stormy winds the sport
 We've weathered out the gale
 Our bark has reached the port
 Fill and drink
 Fill to the brink
 Fill boys and drink
 Our bark has reached the port.

CHORUS.

Jolly hearts, fill and drink
 Fill, fill to the brink
 For our bark has come safe into port
 How oft around our shores you've seen
 Our pirate foe, the Algerine
 In fierce defiance steer ;
 A savage empire o'er the flood
 Maintaining still in spoil and blood ;
 But we no pirates fear.
 By robber foes assailed
 Of stormy winds the sport,
 Our hearts have never failed
 Our bark has reached the port,
 Fill and drink, &c.

CHORUS.

Jolly hearts, &c.

CHORUS.

Masaniello still we'll follow to the field
 Masaniello alone is our shield.

Pietro.—We are thy friends.

Masuniello.—“Hush ! whisper low !
“Look out and spread your nets with care,”

CHORUS.

The Opera ends with the Eruption of Mount Vesuvius.

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Songs, duets, concerted pieces, and

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